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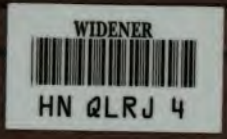

FAITH, THE PERIODS, AND OTHER POEMS.

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FAITH,

THE PERIODS,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

JOHN McDOWELL LEAVITT.

NEW YORK:
ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & COMPANY,
900 BROADWAY, COR. 20th ST.

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FAITH.

WHAT curious bosom never throbb'd to roll
Mysterious darkness from the burden'd soul?
Who would not tear his being's veil away,
And burst to light in truth's eternal day?
O, who glows not with burning wish to find
Where tend these restless energies of mind—
Where point these mystic longings and desires
That hide in every breast their wasting fires?

Faith lifts each cloud, the void of life supplies,
Sheds light o'er earth, and leads us to the skies.

What secret power, with universal force,
Can atoms join, and worlds keep in their course?
True as the spell that points to Heav'n a soul
What makes the needle tremble to the pole,—
Beams in the twilight star with golden ray,
And flashing from the sun sheds round the day?
Or tell, what power invisible can bind
Insentient matter to immortal mind?
Lo, Science points where, quivering on the sky,
With vivid joy the frantic lightnings fly,
And finds through worlds electric forces reign
That bind creation in one mystic chain.

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Thus in the spirit-realm with sovereign sway
Faith rules and calls its energies in play—
O'er all the unseen empire has control,
Explains, pervades, and regulates the whole.

Turn where we may, the curious eye surveys
Through the wide circles of the social maze—
From the lone hut where squalid misery pines
To where in pride the splendid palace shines,
From the drear isle where rude barbarians dwell
To lands where Science breathes her magic spell,—
Each human link in the vast living round
To the whole chain by Heaven's own wisdom bound,
Till trust in others from our infant breath,
Through all life's sorrows to the shades of death,
Joins man to man, forms ties of sacred love,
And points us to eternal worlds above.

Faith, too, in self, when obstacles oppose,
Which in the breast of modest genius glows,
Alone can fire the daring soul for flight
Beyond the clouds that veil the fields of light.
Let dark Distrust enjoy her shadowy reign,
Let fears of failure haunt the troubled brain,
The arm will lose its force, the mind its fire,
And every lofty scheme in night expire.
When Danger scowls, when Penury's chill frown
Palsies the heart and weighs the spirit down,
When withering scorn, the jeer of silly mirth
Would drag the bold adventurer back to earth,
O'er doubts triumphant and unmoved by sneers
His lifted eye will brighten 'mid its tears,

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And on Faith's wing exulting he will rise
To drop his prophet-mantle from the skies.

Behold Columbus spread his venturous sail
Where mountain billows sweep before the gale!
Ye lightnings, clouds, and tempests, all in vain
Ye flash and frown and roar along the main!
Let earth and sea and sky mix in the strife,
Let murder plot and grasp the secret knife,
Serene the hero's soul, erect his form,
Through the wild ragings of the midnight storm.
While gathering perils dark around him spread,
Faith sheds her awful brightness on his head;
"Onward!" he cries; God smiles upon the brave:
No tempests more can toss the sleeping wave,
And soon with raptured glance his eyes explore
The misty outlines of the promised shore.

Celestial Faith! thy guardian hand appears
And points great Newton to yon wheeling spheres;
A halo binds around his brow serene
As he surveys the glittering starry scene,
Darts his keen eye through the wide realms of space,
And takes creation in his mind's embrace.

Amid the battle-cloud, as freemen fight,
I see thy hovering form crown'd with the light.
While Britain's lion glaring crouches low,
And footprints mark with blood the shining snow;
While low-brow'd Treason hides with specious smiles
A soul which gold has bought, and plans his wiles;
While Disaffection murmurs through the land,
Chills Freedom's heart and weakens Freedom's hand;

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While patriots groan, while shrieking Hope takes flight,
To leave the world in an eternal night,
From Heav'n I hear thy glad inspiring cry—
"Fight on, ye brave! your cause shall never die!"
From thy bright realms I see thee bring relief,
And seek on wings of love our matchless chief;
Smile through the storm, and bid him stand unawed,
And trust his country to his country's God.

Illustrious Hope! with brighten'd glance mine eyes
Thy glittering pinions see wave on the skies;
Soon radiant stands thy graceful image where
Yon son of genius sinks into despair;
'Tis thine, indeed, to bid the shades depart
That cloud his brow and agonize his heart:
'Tis thine with glowing pictures to inflame
Immortal ardours for the wreath of Fame:
'Tis thine the Future's curtain to unroll,
And stream its glories o'er the hero's soul;
But soon thy colors fade, thy visions fly,
Like painted vapors when a breeze may sigh,
Unless, with loftier eye and nobler mien,
Majestic Faith descends to rule the scene.

Yes! thou inspiring Faith, in trial's day,
When night draws round, and storms burst on our way;
When from their depths in rage wild oceans rise,
And dash their fury up to trembling skies;

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Thou, Faith, like Him, whose majesty confess'd
Hush'd by one monarch-word the waves to rest,
Dost calm our fears, dost turn our raptured sight
Where tempests never sweep in paths of night.

Let, blissful Faith, thy magic wand but wave,
Point through the cross to Him beyond the grave,
Griefs bloom with joys, bright rainbow-lustres play,
Despair will smile, and midnight turn to day.

Fidelio's mansion blush'd once in the dawn,
Whose morning light glow'd crimson o'er his lawn;
Religion on his home her glory shed,
And Art and Learning round their graces spread.
Shall storms arise? shall Sorrow shed her tear
O'er scenes of bliss unclouded by a fear?
Lo, slander blasts, the mob a torch applies,
Above his home flames leap to midnight skies;
Fidelio's wife glares with a maniac gaze;
Fidelio's children perish in the blaze;
About Fidelio, guiltless, clanks a chain,
And wretches taunt him with red murder's stain.
"Oh, Heaven," he cries, "with vengeance-burning dart,
Why dost thou love to pierce and pain my heart?"
Lo, while he speaks, see in the glimmering ray
That through his dungeon-bars finds dim its way,
A smile is on his face, his features shine
As round him plays a flood of light divine;
Faith looks aloft to One whose eye is there,
And glory gilds the shadows of despair.

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"Father, smite on!" Fidelio's lips exclaim;
"All shall be known when earth is wrapp'd in flame;
Yes! then thy hand the curtain shall unroll,
To show why sorrow thus has wrung my soul,
When peals thy trumpet the eternal morn,
And with its breath our world to bliss is born,
There will we meet, immortal in the sky,
Where Love can drop no tear o'er those who die."

See, as they part, a mother kiss her boy,
While sighs delay the word that clouds her joy!
She cries, while from her eyes the tears will flow,
As clasp her arms the form most dear below,
"My son, when first thy little lip I press'd
But Heav'n can know the bliss within my breast—
The joy that thrill'd, the love and mingled pride,
As stretch'd thy hands above thy cradle's side,
While o'er thy cheeks bright smiles the roses chase
Reflected from thy hovering angel's face.
Laid on the grass I see thine image now,
And boyhood's curls wave clustering o'er thy brow.
Oh trust, my son, since Manhood bids us part,
And veils with sorrow's shade my widow'd heart,
Oh trust, when tempests darken trial's day,
Thy father's God and mine to guard thy way!"
He goes, while filial tears his cheeks suffuse,
Flush'd with gay hopes his path of life to choose;
And when Temptation spreads her glittering snare,
When Pleasure smiles to drag him to despair,
Maternal Faith, his shield in peril's hour,
Defies a world, and baffles demon-power.

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And when tornadoes burst from angry clouds,
When lightnings leap across the vessel's shrouds,
When thunders peal wild answers to the waves,
And ocean lash'd to madness yawns with graves,
When Hope forsakes, and agonizing cries
Above the battling elements arise,
The wife at home bids storms no longer blow;
Her Faith chains down the seas that heave below,
And spreads the sail, and makes the willing breeze
Speed him most loved safe over glittering seas.

Blest child of Faith, whose smile is o'er the skies,
Robed in her morn, Love brightens on mine eyes!
Wide to the breeze her standard be unfurl'd,
To wave its peaceful glories o'er our world!

What breast the brilliant vision never knew
That gilds earth's clouds with Hope's inspiring hue?
O say, who ne'er the future's veil unroll'd
To see return again the age of gold?
From time's first dawn the varied cycles share
The same old dream that lifts man from despair,
Since in his soul th' immortal wish has birth,
That yearns the glow of Heav'n to find on earth.

What power omnipotent shall burst our chain,
And o'er our world shall spread the splendid reign?
Can Science with her orient ray dispel
A gloom that blackens from the shades of hell?
Oh! Reason, in her wisest laws express'd,
Is vain to tame the passions of the breast,

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To bind wild nations to her stately car,
Or wreathe the olive round the sword of war.
Thou, matchless Faith, thou, wing'd with thine own light,
Must flash away the clouds that make our night;
Thou from despair must give to man release
Till Love shall spread o'er earth the sway of Peace!

But, frowning here, a phantom form appears
To cast her shadow o'er the future years.
"Judge from the Past, deluded man," she cries;
"Hope's glittering visions but deceive thine eyes;
Poor dupe of priests, no promis'd day shall shed
Millennial brightness on thy suffering head!"

Paint Infidelity, in darkest hues,
Paint from the past thy soul-contracting views;
Then in the cheerless colors of the tomb
Let thy despairing picture frown in gloom,
While lightning-flashes o'er its blackness dart
More fierce than hate that burns within thine heart!
On mountains mountains pile along the way
Where Faith points on to a millennial day!
Thy art is vain! no shades at thy command,
No demon-touches from thy master's hand,
E'er sketch'd such paths of blood, such seas of fire,
As Heav'n arrays when prophets sweep her lyre.

But shall Faith tremble at the dread survey
And turn aghast her wilder'd eye away—
To passion's power, to Satan's sway give o'er
Immortal men, chain'd down for evermore?

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Nay! from the skies majestic scenes unfold;
Faith sees her angels wave their wings of gold;
Then, rank on shining rank, from Heav'n descend,
And with her wrestling sons in battle blend.
Above the strife behold her towering form,
Calm as some sunlit rock amid a storm,
While in her hand th' Eternal Word appears
To gild earth's darkness with sabbatic years;
And as the scenes of future bliss arise,
Light crowns her brow and kindles in her eyes!

'Twas thus when morn dispell'd the midnight's tears,
And glanced in terror on the Syrian spears,
As gathering foes 'mid yells of clamorous hate
With axes thunder at the trembling gate,
The Prophet, smiling, turns aloft his gaze
Where chariots burn, celestial warriors blaze.

From Heav'n's bright hills, Faith sends her clarion-cry,
And angel-forms again are on the sky—
"Ye Christian soldiers, go—your standard raise
Till over earth millennial glories blaze!
Where stormy winters sweep around the pole,
And suns unsetting weary circles roll;
Where Nature painted in her torrid ray
Seems gorgeous as the cloud-gates of the day,
Lift high the Cross! Let Brahma raise his fanes,
And Gunga's stream in blood wind through the plains;
Let Boodh's dark millions in their temples bend
Where white-robed priests with mystic rites attend:

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Let Feejee's fires gleam through the midnight air,
To show the writhing victims of despair:
Let Moslem vengeance bolts of ruin throw,
And blood-red crescents o'er Judea glow:
Let Rome's dark spectre tower amid the gloom,
Crown'd with her flames, to make for Faith a tomb;
Yet, Heaven your shield, ye Christian-warriors, go,
The earth your battle-field and hell your foe!
Lift high the Cross, and Science soon will rise
To hail the Gospel-Angel as he flies,
And Life's immortal page send from her hand
Like seed which autumn wings across the land;
Shall nations join, and flash along her wire
Salvation's news, as with celestial fire!
Lift high the Cross! Soon War's death-trump no more
Shall peal its battle-notes from shore to shore:
No chain shall clank, no superstitions throw
Grim, spectral shadows o'er a world of woe!
Lift high the Cross, till Truth shall scatter night,
And Love's bright morn shed universal light—
From clime to clime one wide effulgence stream,
And Heav'n and Earth commingle in her beam!

Hero of Heav'n, the Cross whose matchless grace
Did conquer thee, can move and mould a race!
Speak from thy skies! When tortured Ava's chain,
When torrid suns pour'd fire upon thy brain,
When sadly came upon the scorching gale,
With prison-curses mix'd thine infant's wail;
When prostrate she, thine angel—*more*, thy *wife*—
From pagan bounty held her guardian life,

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Oh, then, by demons mock'd, by man oppress'd,
Tell me, could Love still reign within thy breast?
When, burst thy fetters, softest breezes now
Expand thy sail and play upon thy brow,
Beneath the moon waft o'er a placid stream
From scenes that frown like phantoms of a dream,
Shall Love still bind thee to that cruel shore?
For men who sought thy blood wilt thou care more?
Or weeping lone amid the Hopia shade
Where all that made earth bright for thee is laid,
Still wilt thou kneel, and pray for Burmah there?
Still shall Love triumph in thy dark despair?
Lo! frowns Helena o'er the sullen wave,
And Sorrow's tear drops on another grave;
Still shall thy sobbing voice the cry repeat?
Still shall thy heart with love's pulsations beat?
Still shall thy lingering eye look o'er the sea?
Still burns the wish that Burmah shall be free?
Let gold allure, let Satan in thy way
His mountains pile on Burmah's path to-day,
In Burmah's tongue th' Eternal Word must fly:
On Burmah's soil thy sleeping dust would lie!
Oh, victor thou, on some celestial height
Where play the splendors of immortal light,
As down to earth thy longing eyes explore,
They yet shall see Love reign on Burmah's shore:
On Ava's turrets yet the Cross shall rise,
And Burmah peal her anthems to the skies!

All-conquering Faith! thy hand has tamed the wave,
Has snatch'd from death, and burst the awful grave:

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Thy word has calm'd the tempest's boisterous force,
And stopp'd the sun in his eternal course;
Nay! moved the arm that guides with boundless might
This vast creation in its onward flight;
And thou must rule with matchless power and art
The warring passions of a human heart;
Yes! thy omnipotence alone can bind
The waves and tempests of a deathless mind!

The great Napoleon on his weary rock—
Hush'd now the victor's shout and battle-shock—
A captive now amid the sea confined,
No schemes of conquest darkening now his mind,
As meditation o'er life's evening threw
A wisdom mad ambition's noon ne'er knew,
While down through vistas in the clouds of time
Eternal rays gild o'er the scene sublime—
Napoleon saw that Force with tyrant sway,
Might briefly make reluctant man obey,
But only Love's omnipotent control
Could found enduring empire in the soul.

Offspring of Faith, bright Love, descend and bring
A world in tears to kneel before her King!
By his blest sceptre touch'd, thou shalt arise,
And fling thy conquering banner to the skies.

Far-glancing Faith! let Science from her throne
Unveil earth's wonders round from zone to zone;
On tireless pinions bear the spirit far
To circle space and visit every star:

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Let venturous Fancy sweep on bolder wing,
Beyond where reason soars, or angels sing—
All theirs is thine—but wider thy embrace.
Yon glittering worlds shall weary in their race,
This earth shall burn, the skies shall melt away,
And o'er creation Ruin's flames shall play,
Yet from the wreck of fire thy glance descries
New systems spring, immortal glories rise!

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THE PERIODS.

CANTO I.

THE DAY.

MORNING.

THE twilight dim
Lines ocean's brim:
And stars from sight,
Hide in the light
Whose burnish'd gold
O'er Heav'n is rolled.
As the sun above the sky
Lifts his royal head on high,
His beamy way
Where splendors play,
With flaming ray
Begins the day.
While the painted vapors fly
Like wild phantoms o'er the eye,
And the dew-drops glow
On the flowers bent low,
And the sunbeams flash
Where the rivers dash,
Hark! the groves warble loud
To the lark in his cloud,
As rosy MORNING'S voice
Bids waking earth rejoice!

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NOON.

That monarch-sun,
His course half done,
Sits throned in light
On the heav'n's height;
A crown of beams about his head;
Bright robes of glory round him spread!
Now the shadows grow small
From the quivering wall,
And field and hill
With heat are still.
How the pulse of the world beats exhausted and low!
How the breath of the world comes hard, panting, and slow!
How the face of the world is one broad, burning glow,
While the day in his ire,
Like a furnace of fire,
Scorches NOON.

EVENING.

On the earth a holy hush,
O'er the sky a purple blush,
Soft Eve proclaim.
Down the golden gates of day
Sinks the sun with slanted ray.
From yon wooded hill,
In the twilight still.

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Cries the whip-poor-will;
The night-owl, in his oak,
Hears the frog's solemn croak;
The crickets chirp, the beetles drum,
And earth is lull'd with insect hum.
As shadows deeper grow,
And the winds whisper low,
Hush! with that fading light
Eve sinks away in night.

MIDNIGHT.

The silent stars are in the sky,
The moon amid her clouds rides high,
Whose quivering light, soft, bright, and still,
Silvers the vale and bathes the hill.
Comes through the dark
The night-dog's bark,
While mortals sleep
In slumbers deep.
The fox steals forth with stealthy tread;
Beneath his wing the fowl's dull head.
Where rivers flow
The mists creep low:
Now dreams invade
From realms of shade,
As midnight's awful shadow has its birth
To wrap like death in deeper sleep the earth.

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CANTO II.

THE YEAR.

SPRING.

THE glowing sun now warms the breeze,
And darts his virtues through the trees
To make life-currents rise,
Which, working in the dark,
Expand the swelling bark
'Neath ever-milder skies.
Heralds of the new-born year,
See the infant buds appear!
Waked from the dead
The young leaves spread,
Till the forests of the world
Stand with banners green unfurl'd.
Broke nature's sleep,
The grasses creep,
Slow, bright, and still,
From vale to hill,
Till green robes earth with its soft dye
As tints sweet blue the circling sky—
Hues mix'd by God to please man's eye.
Soon born the birds of every wing,
Which hop, or fly, or coo, or sing!
The streams unbound
A voice have found,
And shout around
With joyous sound,

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We are free
In our glee.
Hark! blust'ring March subdued is whispering low;
Then show'ring clouds float tinged with April's glow;
And sinking rivers glide with murmuring flow.
Flush'd with a purple ray,
Crown'd by the smiling May,
Where morning clouds in golden masses lie,
Like angels at the portals of the sky,
Beneath a rainbow's arch of splendid dye
Whose painted glories quiver in the eye—
Brightest blossoms thy zone,
Sweetest rose-buds thy throne,
In a car of flowers
Just wet with the showers,
And drawn by wing'd Hours.
Ride on, thou blushing SPRING!

SUMMER.

Sprinkled with dews and showers, and warm'd by noon
To glory bursts the rose of fragrant June!
On the trees the leaves still denser grow,
And their silent shadows darker throw
In the longer day's intenser glow,
While a wide-quivering haze,
Ascending in the blaze
As brighter burn the rays,
Floats dream-like o'er the gaze.
Not wildly brawl the brooks, swift, wide, and deep,
But painfully slow, faint-murmuring creep;

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Majestic rivers shrunken in the sun,
Leave glaring rocks where waters cool have run.
With dozing eye and panting side
The ox stands meekly in the tide;
Faint, with necks along the ground,
Where noon-shadows lie around
The quick-breathing sheep are found.
Low as some distance-muffled drum
The drooping city's wearied hum;
Fierce heat has hush'd the field's gay choirs,
And shrinking from day's scorching fires
Far in the wood the bird retires
Where scarce a glancing wing aspires.
Deep the beast in his den
Pants till night comes again;
Without, the mountain bare
Glows in the burning air.
Nor now the cheery song
As the reaper stalks along;
Nor now shakes down the dew
As cuts the sickle through:
Nor now, as in the morn,
Winds loud the harvest horn;
But like a furnace flames the sky,
And looks the sun with fiercer eye,
And lurid clouds float glaring by.
Where late o'er standing grain the sportive breezes play'd,
Now resting reapers dozing in the lazy shade
Amid the bearded sheaves of wheatcocks freshly made,
And all the yellow wealth of harvests prostrate laid
Show brilliant SUMMER'S reign.

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AUTUMN.

High-piled the gather'd sheaves!
A yellow tinge in leaves!
Steals o'er the peach its flush
Deep as the evening's blush!
And when the leaves unfold
Red apples gleam o'er gold,
While on the tangled vine
The smooth, round melons shine.
Then peeping into view when lifting breezes blow,
Broad, mantling clusters on the trellis'd vineyards glow,
Whose streaming currents soon shall gush in purple flow.
Up, with his face of blood,
Slow o'er the deep-dyed flood,
The sun, despoil'd of rays,
Mounts, glaring through the haze;
Then round with flaming glow
Burns o'er the world below,
Till in his evening bed
He dips his globe of red.
Gone from the hazy air the perish'd insect's hum,
Dim phantom-pheasants in the thickets lurking come,
And beat the mossy log with whirring thunder-drum.
Hark! from his rail
On morning's gale,
The whistling quail!

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With leg and tail uprear'd 'mid leaves crisp'd brown,
The squirrel gay his tinkling nut drops down;
And chattering swallows circling on the wing,
Debate long exile till the smile of spring,
While high the clanging wild geese floating fly,
In long-wedged squadrons through the parted sky,
Now here and there amid the green
A changed September leaf is seen,
Which in eddying circles wheels
When keen October's breath it feels,
Or, clinging yet to its frail stem
Until it flashes like a gem,
Displays in morning's fresh'ning dew,
Its yellow tinge and scarlet hue;
And then, before November storms
And blasting frost the world deforms,
Fields, orchards, forests, lawns, hills, plains, and mountains bold,
Their mingling glories to the redden'd sun unfold,
Like crimson billows flaming o'er a sea of gold,
Or Heav'n's effulgent scenes to mortal gaze unroll'd,
And gorgeous AUTUMN paint.

WINTER.

Hark! shrill the blast
Fierce-sweeping past!
As wild it blows,
The shutter close!
Quick! stir the fire
Till flames aspire;

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The lamp then light,
Which, shining bright,
Dark on the wall
Makes shadows fall!
The soften'd brilliance of the room
Gilds age's brow and childhood's bloom;
And curling ringlets you behold,
Hide infant smiles with waving gold.
Without, the tempest howls;
Without, the black sky scowls;
Without, the beggar's form
Is shivering in the storm,
And from the winter-sea
Shrieks out wild agony.
The furious winds subdued, huge leaden masses lie
Like giant spectres dimly on the silenced sky;
Then dusky clouds, weigh'd down, the noiseless scene bend o'er,
And the still heav'n and earth seem nearer than before.
Now dropping through the air
A flake melts on your hair;
Lo! millions, soft and light,
Float on the wavering sight;
The feathery whiteness still
Descends on vale and hill;
Exhausted grows the cloud,
And earth lies in her shroud;
Fields, forests, valleys, mountains, towns, together show
One vast, interminable spectacle of snow.

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Down the steep hill-side
See the brave boy glide!
While glad voices sing,
Sleigh-bells merry ring!
Circling o'er the sky
Let the snow-balls fly!
For the children's sport
Rise the wall and fort,
Till a warmer sun
Melts the scene of fun.
As the longer nights grow cold
Tapering icicles behold,
With their silver and their gold!
At opening day,
Where sunbeams play,
The icy trees
Flash in the breeze—
On leaf and stem
The quivering gem!
Now the stars shine small and bright
In the stillness of the night;
Now each captive stream around
Stands firm in ice-chains bound,
And skaters glance and fly
Beneath the moonlit sky,
And frost and snow and ice on vale and hill and plain
Show WINTER has begun his cold, remorseless reign.

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CANTO III.

LIFE.

INFANCY.

DEEP in a cavern of the earth
My little stream has mystic birth;
Then flows to sight
In morning light
Where leaning trees with arching tops ascend,
And o'er a mossy rock dim shadows blend
With perfume
In the gloom.
On waters bright to float
Emerging comes my boat;
Beneath a smiling sky
'Mid roses soft I lie,
While wings of Hours waft by.
Gay flowers on either side the waters kiss,
Whose quiet shadows sleep, the types of bliss,
Nor gentle clouds that sail above I miss,
Too fair in beauty for a world like this.
With form most bright,
And brow of light
To calm my fears,
An angel steers.
As with dimpled cheeks I glide
Where soft-rippling flows the tide,
And sweet-scented breezes chide,
Lo! heav'n's seraph-bands preside,

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Waving their golden wings while childhood pure and bright,
A brilliant morning vision, floats across the sight.

YOUTH.

Brighter the roses flush,
Deeper the clouds red blush,
As I glide
O'er the tide!
Let the angel on the land
In his foolish sorrow stand,
Since I need no more his hand!
Adieu, every fear!
My own boat I steer.
Faster! ye Hours!
Strain all your powers!
Hands try!
Feet ply!
Wings vie
Till we fly, till we fly
Like clouds upon the sky!
At my boat of oak
Let age snarl and croak!
Against the shore
Let waters roar!
With wild turmoil
Let whirlpools boil,
And demons stare
In hellish glare!
See, smiling far above
Are Fame and Wealth and Love!

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Scorning measure,
Brilliant Pleasure,
Her temple in the sky
With its dome bright and high,
A glory in the eye,
Builds for YOUTH!

MANHOOD.

A wildering glare
Blinds in the air!
See! bright the lightnings flash!
Hark! wild the thunders crash!
How the billows break and dash!
And the Earth wears a shroud,
And the Heaven seems a cloud;
No angel guide
Smiles at my side.
But, avaunt, grim Despair!
Each peril I can dare,
And my life-burden bear.
Let torrents roar and rave,
The manly and the brave
Will ride upon the wave!
Ye lightnings, swifter fly!
Storms, fiercer rend the sky!
Rush, waters, wilder by!
Your fury I defy!
If Ruin's shock
Creation rock,
While helps its own right hand,
In God will MANHOOD stand!

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AGE.

Life's fires have ceased to glow,
My feeble pulse beats slow,
This silver'd head bows low.
My shatter'd boat
Just keeps afloat.
But oh! Life's Angel sheds on me his ray,
And steers my Age to his immortal day.
While dark round me
Rolls thy far sea,
Eternity,
Yet, down from yon bright sky,
Through darkness thick and high,
Heav'n pours a blaze of beams
Till earth a glory seems.
A Form Divine I see round which the angels bend,
Who oft to me on waving wings in light descend.
And soon I'll soar with them above,
Where Age shall turn immortal youth
As it beholds Incarnate Truth,
And Life be everlasting Love.

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SONG OF THE LIGHT.

O LONG did Old Night, rule o'er all in his might,
Sitting black as the robe of his gloom,
And the atoms did play, in their wild, wild way,
Yet of life e'en as void as the tomb;
Then God said, "Let light be!" and forth I flash'd free
In my glory forever to shine,
And 'tis life I will bring, and joy on my wing
While the robe of Creation is mine.

My dazzle of rays, hides the Ancient of Days
In the clouds that encircle his throne!
My mantle of beams, in its brilliance of gleams
But by me could be woven alone.
Each seraph must shine, in my halo divine
And I bind him around with his robe;
Nor shimmers a star, nor a sun flames afar
Unless I will engirdle his globe.

And the rainbow I form and paint on the storm,
And I curve round each glittering hue
As the Maker Divine, refulgent doth shine
'Neath the circle which I o'er Him threw.
Lo! wide nature I fill with joy's keenest thrill,
And the songs of the angels inspire,
Nor a harp can be found, nor a lip to give sound
If my beam do not kindle the fire.

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Through these atoms so dark, when flashes my spark,
Lo, a thousand round worlds shall be born,
To sweep and to turn, and to beam and to burn.
And I'll cheer them with even and morn.
I'll see this wide gloom, ever blossom and bloom
When my suns in their glory arise,
And the light here shall beam, and life here shall teem
Where eternal the smile of the skies.

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SHADOWS.

DEEP in our gleaming river,
Amid the mirror'd trees,
Yon elm's great branches quiver
When rippling breathes a breeze.

Trunk, branch, and leaf appearing,
I see inverted lie,
And shape that elm uprearing
Its top into the sky.

Its image true is shimmering
In its deep liquid glass;
Or dim, or bright, or glimmering
As cloud and sunshine pass.

Thus in my soul reflected
Far forms of Heav'n appear;
Confused, reversed, affected
By every smile and tear.

But an eternal morning
For these dim shapes of time,
Will show—change ever-scorning—
Originals sublime.

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THE PHOTOGRAPH.

As you toss on your bed what strange images roll
And chase, each the other, so grotesque o'er the soul!
Oh! my fancies were queer, from my home far away,
And half robbing the night to make plans for the day,
Since I could not get rid of the thought for my life,
How convenient a thing is a Photograph Wife!
See the eye and the face, and the form and attire,
With those touches of taste man was made to admire;
Muff, hat, glove, and kerchief, all arranged for the fun,
And as anxious as madam to smile to the sun!
But no poutings, nor scoldings, nor feminine frown,
Like a moon in a cloud when the sun has gone down.
Take her gently—kiss the lip—look into the face
As more sweetly she smiles than a rose in a vase!
Or would she take leave? and must we send her away?
Then no trunks are to pack and no fare-bills to pay.
Just three cents will convey her from Texas to Maine;
Just three cents bring her back, if she wishes, again;
All done in a minute—like the flash of a rocket—
Wife leaps from the mail-box and sleeps in your pocket.
Also, Photograph Children—they'll answer well too—
No combing, nor dressing, nor expense for a shoe;
No romping and bawling, and fighting and mussing;
No turning and twisting, and fixing and fussing;

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Nor a thought for the future, nor a tear for the past,
Sweet and gentle and good, and besides, it will last:
Not like some young storm of Spring that sleeps in the sky,
But soon bursts into showers with a bang and a cry.
Indeed, such were my thoughts—I ask pardon of all—
These queer pranks of the mind will not stop at our call.
Look again at the Picture! no *soul* brightens there,
'Tis only a shadow unsubstantial as air;
A few fading lines which the sun in his play
On the paper has kiss'd with a frolicsome ray;
And that warmth of the lip and that fire of the eye,
And that flash of the soul like a gleam of the sky,
That soft tone of kindness when love breathes in the face,
And those wifely attentions bestow'd with such grace;
The low tender whispers far away from the crowd,
When Eve peeps with her star through the rift of the cloud;
And the romp and the chess and the dolls and the fun,
And the shout and the skates and the sleds and the run,
With all that is bright and sweet and lovely in home,
By our mem'ry made heav'n when far exiles we roam—
Oh yes, give me all—all—trouble, children and wife;
Take the smile from my lip, take the blood from my life,

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But oh, leave those I love in Thy goodness, my God.
Who, if smitten by Thee, will yet bow to Thy rod!
Yes! when Death strikes one down, and we follow the bier,
As we drop on the grave the soft light of a tear,
We will look in the hope of a home to the skies,
Where the eye never weeps and the heart never sighs.

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LIBERTY.

'Tis not the chain that makes the slave,
Since fetter'd for the right,
'Mid dungeon-gloom will lie the brave
In liberty and light.

How small, let tyrant-monsters know,
Their pow'r the flesh to kill;
Each scorching flame, each mangling blow,
Triumphant makes the will.

The martyr-victor we behold
Majestic in his chain;
Unawed by power, unbought by gold,
Unterrified by pain!

If wrong a universe could pile
On his exulting soul,
Immortal, he would trust and smile
Uncrush'd beneath the whole.

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SONG OF THE FOURTH DAY.

CRY aloud! cry aloud! all-hail the Kingly Sun!
On his throne without a cloud, his high reign he hath begun!
Cry aloud! cry aloud! the cherubim should sing!
May this monarch bright and proud, life and glory ever fling!

In whispers we will sing as comes the Queen of Night!
O how beautiful a thing, like a spirit of the light!
Low breathe the softest string, as bright she lifts her face,
As she sails without a wing, and for ages be her race!

O be mute! O be mute! the stars are in the sky!
O stop the harp and lute as the glory passeth by!
They glitter as they move along their march sublime!
Let them fling their light of love over all the night of time!

To Him be all the praise from whom the splendors came!
O most wonderful His ways, and Jehovah is His name!
Are His worlds o'er heav'n sown, like gems which beauty grace?
What the brightness of His throne! what the glory of His face!

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OUR FLAG.

FLAG of Beauty! wide and high,
Earth saw thee given to the sky
In Freedom's night:
Flashing then o'er battle-fires,
Thee a gazing world admires,
Onward borne by our brave sires
To Freedom's light.

Flag of Freedom! where a spot
Darkening did thy beauty blot
No stain we see;
Glad to Heav'n our song we raise.
Nations swell the voice of praise!
Every star floats in the blaze
Of Liberty.

Flag of Promise! let a world
Wide thy glories view unfurl'd
O'er land and sea!
Float! for ever gone thy stains!
Float! till earth has burst her chains!
Float! while Heav'n bends o'er our plains,
With eagles free!

Flag of Glory! fly no more
Where 'mid death's wild thunder-roar
Fierce brothers slay!
Glow now love where once glared ire!
Never may a star expire
Till the Heav'ns in final fire
Have pass'd away!

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LEAVES.

WHEN joyous Spring first clothed the trees,
How beautiful and bright
The leaves were dancing in the breeze,
And flashing in the light!

While Summer glow'd with fiery breath,
Fresh vigor still they found,
And laugh'd away the spectre Death,
And ţinkling spurn'd the ground.

With dying glories Autumn came
Before chill Winter's gloom,
And kindled his funereal flame
That decks leaves for the tomb.

Now, crisp'd and brown and torn and dry,
Before the tempest's breath,
O'er heaven and earth they whirling fly,
The saddest types of death.

But as from leaves in dark decay
Majestic forests rise,
Up we will spring in Life's great day
Immortal for the skies.

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A SONG IN HEAVEN TO HOME.

Oh! sweet Home of my Childhood, I think of thee now,
With the light of this glory so bright on my brow;
Since 'twas Heav'n ordain'd thee, dear place of my birth,
Here, here, I'll forget thee never more than on earth.

Oh, Home of my Childhood! when the angels do sing
In their rapture about the high throne of their King,
As I shine with the throng, as I gaze through the light,
There, thy soft tender image will float o'er my sight.

And as long as the ages eternal shall roll
Their fresh tides of glory still more bright o'er a soul,
Ever, Home of my Childhood, thy mem'ry will be,
As the years shall flow onward, so much dearer to me.

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ABOVE.

How the winds are ever blowing,
Which the flying clouds compel!
How the streams are ever flowing
The majestic seas to swell!

How the golden mists, ascending
To the sun from ocean's face,
Drop the rain by Heav'n's intending,
Rills and rivers to replace!

Day and night o'er earth are throwing
Both their brightness and their gloom,
While Death, chasing Life, is mowing
Ceaseless harvests for the tomb.

Seasons pass, and Time advancing
Makes the empires rise and fall,
Till man sees, wherever glancing,
Desolations which appal.

But *above* are always glowing
Mystic worlds serenely bright,
With no tempests madly blowing,
With no shadows of the night.

O'er earth's changes they are sweeping
In serenity sublime,
Held by Him within whose keeping
Are Eternity and Time.

Ever could their spheres, decaying,
Be hurl'd back into night,
Soul, believing and obeying,
Thy Eternity is light.

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THE RAINBOW.

MYSTERIOUS Bow! born from the rain and light,
How silently thine arch is flung o'er heav'n!
What Power invisible arrests his beams
Bright flashing from the sun, their hues untwists,
And curves them o'er our world in majesty?
Round, matchless Form! do spirits in thee dwell,
And bend thee down the sky, and weave thy charms,
And run along thy glittering sides, and smile
From thee o'er man rejoicing in thy peace?
Who lifts into the air these tints of earth,
The soft green of leaves, the violet's hue,
The gold of fruits, the crimson of the rose,
And all the varied garniture of seasons?
'Twas God thy grace conceived! He breathes thy hues;
He hangs thee in the cloud, His pledge of peace;
He bends thee round across the lonely sea
In which thy glory curves to tinge its waves.
O'er boundless plains thy circling colors smile,
Or soar aloft to span the gloom of woods,
While towering high into thy gorgeous tints
The spires of cities float. Grandly o'er vales,
Pillar'd on mountain-tops, great Bow of Light,
Majestically high thy glory stands,
Bright type of Love, uniting Earth and Heav'n!

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ISRAEL'S MARCH-WORD.

FORWARD! 'Tis Jehovah's cloud
  Leads Israel to the sea!
Forward! Egypt fierce and proud
  Clanks chains behind the free!

Forward! Waves, thy mountain-walls,
  Shall tower along thy way!
Forward! When thy Maker calls
  'Tis madness to delay.

Forward! Where yon guiding glow
  Moves through the parted deep
Pharaoh shall lie buried low,
  In death his minions sleep.

Forward! In yon cloud and fire
  Jehovah makes His shrine.
Forward! Neither stop nor tire,
  And what is best is thine.

Forward, Israel! fear no foes!
  Thy rest is o'er the sea;
Milk there with the honey flows;
  The grape there waits for thee.

Forward! Heav'n's own fire shall die,
  And Heav'n's own manna cease;
But Jehovah thy supply,
  Thy Bread, thy Light, thy Peace.

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THE HEART'S MASTER.

WHEN Morning pencils on her bright'ning sky
The first faint traceries of the coming day
One low lone bird will trill its melody
Responsive to a solitary ray.
But as the sun floods heav'n and earth with gold
Each leaf grows tremulous with exulting strains,
That gushing, mingling, swelling high, are roll'd
Till orchestras burst out from hills, and dales, and plains.

And thus from some cathedral's solemn walls
A single voice will chant in melting tone,
While from a single stop the organ calls,
Thund'rous and deep, its supplicating moan.
Now hark! each tongue, each key, wakes music round:
Peal upon peal, on billows billows rise,
Till all the temple shakes with bursting sound
From that majestic choir which even thrills the skies.

In some lone vale of Heav'n an angel strays
To view its glories in soft mellow'd light:
See! o'er his harp involuntary plays
His trembling hand—his lip moves to the sight;
One murmuring strain awakes a thousand strings:
Lofty and full, a gathering tide soon breaks;
Voice answers voice, to seraph seraph sings,
And in the mingling praise a universe partakes.

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And thus ! O Christian, is it with thy heart.
Each single chord with earthly music thrills ;
Wife, parent, child, and country have their part ;
When Friendship strikes her string pure rapture fills.
But only Christ, the Master, wakes the whole,
Can touch each key, can harmonize each tone,
And through His Cross stir love through *all* the soul,
To burst, Immortal King, in songs around Thy throne !

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OUR COUNTRY.

COME, Freedom's sons! unite
Beneath our Flag of Light,
  One, strong, and true!
Ours is the furnace-blast;
Ours is the old world's past;
Ours is the work to cast
  All into new!

Ye men of every race,
Where wave our stars find place
  And hope and rest!
Your blood with ours must flow;
Your life with ours must grow
Till we a manhood show,
  Earth's last and best.

'Twas o'er the far East first
The light of Empire burst
  With orient gleams:
But *Westward* since its way!
Here let its glories stay,
Back-flashing earth's grand day
  In Freedom's beams!

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SERENADE.

SLEEP, Love, with smiling dreams!
Bright o'er thy bed
Some rosy head!
Light-wing'd the boy-god gleams.
Sleep, Love!

Sleep, till his arrow flies.
Twang, twang, the dart
Goes to thy heart;
He laughing mounts the skies.
Sleep, Love!

Wake, Love, and see the moon!
Beam like yon star,
But not afar,
And fling a kiss down soon;
Wake, Love!

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MADRIGAL.

OPEN, Love, thy lattice wide!
  Let the moonbeam pass!
See it through the branches glide!
  See it on the grass!

Open, Love, thy lattice now!
  Let the breeze come through!
Let it play around thy brow,
  And thy bosom woo!

Open, Love, the lattice, while
  I gaze up on thee!
Let yon star-beam kiss a smile
  From thy lip to me!

Love, thy lattice wide, wide fling!
  Be like yon bright sky!
While the sea is murmuring
  It bends lovingly.

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ON A BIRTHDAY.

MEMORY, Love, recalls the day
When morning shade and sunlight lay
Upon the grass;
The heav'ns smil'd down through deeps of blue,
The rose breath'd fragrance from its dew,
Earth robed herself in orient hue,
To see thee pass.

Thy cheek was bloom, thine eye was light,
And love and hope and beauty bright
Were in thy face;
As memory sees thee through the years,
Untouch'd by time, undimm'd by tears,
No flow'r when opening spring appears
Unfolds such grace.

Since, on life's path, the cloud and storm
Have sometimes darken'd round thy form
And swept thy sky;
Yet trial's years in heart and brow
Have made thee fairer to me now
Than when in youth thy marriage vow
Brighten'd mine eye.

If, blushing round some parent rose,
The sweet buds burst, the gay flow'r glows,
Beneath green trees;
But statelier its maternal pride
To see such beauty at its side,
And know that mingling perfumes glide
Out on the breeze.

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SOLICITUDE.

I TREMBLE, Love, when in my breast
I see thine image lie;
To me bright beauty, which no art
Could from the dreams of genius start
In forms to please the eye.

The morning heav'ns which blush and glow
Reflected in the stream,
But on its *surface* splendors throw,
Nor waters tinge that glide below,
Unconscious of a beam.

Thy love through *all* my being reigns,
As when the painter's dye
Each canvas-thread pervades and stains,
And if a fragment but remains
Its colors you descry.

I start to hear my heart-strings break—
Each life-hope rent away;
The ruin fancy death could make,
The weary blank, the dull cold ache,
The midnight where smiled day.

Then Faith takes wing,—beyond the tomb,
In God's eternal sky,
Our love shall live where shades no gloom,
And Christ to all imparts the bloom
Of Immortality.

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REGRET.

A TEARFUL mourner kneels beside a grave
  Along whose green is mingling autumn's gold,
While through the hazy mists mute branches wave
  And crimson leaves a dying year unfold.

Back from the mystic past what mem'ries teem!
  A bride's bright beauty smiling rises now;
In evening's hush beside the moonlit stream
  He hears again the silver-whisper'd vow.

The white-robed priest, the brilliant festal throng,
  The rainbow glory Hope o'er youth did throw,
The wedded years, like golden light and song,
  Gild e'en the tomb with momentary glow.

But why that cloud as shakes yon kneeling form?
  Why does a tear-drop burn the throbbing eye?
Thus from the hills will sweep the midnight storm
  To veil the summer-moon and tranquil sky.

Does a wife's death-scene make such anguish start?—
  The last seen smile, the agonized farewell,
The life-ties tearing from an aching heart—
  That pang of lonely grief we may not tell?

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Ah no! 'tis but a *word* spreads o'er this gloom
Whose tone once thrill'd the ear that sleeps with pain,
And now comes thundering from the solemn tomb,
By memory waked, till heard through years again.

Oh! when we drop upon the grave a tear
And Love rolls back the curtains of the past,
May all its scenes unstain'd and bright appear,
Nor dark Regret with clouds the heart o'ercast!

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YEARNINGS.

THERE is in man a deep earth can not fill:
A throb in eyes for charms they may ne'er see,
An ache in ears for strains that never thrill,
In hearts a cry for something yet to be—
Some bliss supreme, fix'd as eternity.
Time mocks the dream it never can destroy;
Men phantoms chase fast as the spectres flee,
On luring to a bliss without alloy
In *some* immortal state where but to live is joy.

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HEAVEN.

On earth there was in hearts a sigh,
And the dull throb of pain:
The tear-drop trembled in the eye,
Then fell, to fall again.

Oh! Change o'er all a shadow threw,
His brother Death was there,
And e'en the sparkle of the dew
Soon vanish'd into air.

Wild phantoms o'er the mind would rush,
With pain the body thrill,
And ere the brimming cup could blush
The tempting wine would spill.

The love that on the warm lip press'd
To leave its tender kiss,
Would soon lean o'er a cold, cold breast,
And find a woe for bliss.

But here, on all things is the bloom
Which lives without decay,
And He who brought us from the tomb
Makes our immortal day.

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THE USEFUL AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

'Tis only when rough roots below
Unsightly masses tangled throw
Both deep and wide,
Majestically the tree can rise,
Which time and storm to age defies,
In stately pride.

Unpolish'd rocks, from hills convey'd,
Deep in the solid earth are laid
By careful hands,
Before the house where art would reign
Lifts high its beauty from the plain
And stately stands.

If forms which please, profuse and bright,
Their brilliant colors flash to sight
And charm the view,
Yet, firm as their Almighty Cause,
Has Reason all things bound in laws
As numbers true.

Learn, while the Beautiful may smile
From flower to star, and care beguile,
Life's charm and grace,
The Useful yet beneath must lie
All loveliness of earth and sky,
Creation's base.

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MY ROSE.

My morning Rose, crown'd Queen of flowers,
What makes thy regal hues?
Is it the drops of summer showers,
Or sparkle of the dews?

O, can that dark, repulsive earth
Which round thy roots is seen,
Give this delicious fragrance birth,
And soften in thy green?

Or do these whispers of the air
Waving thy graceful stem
A beauty give which kings despair
To purchase in a gem?

Perchance, from golden realms of light
Some glancing sunbeam weaves
This bloom of glory, rich and bright,
That lingers in thy leaves.

Or with the blushes of the morn
From heav'n an angel flies,
And spreads these colors which adorn,
The rivals of his skies.

Can a celestial spirit hide
Now in thy circling bloom,
And lift thy stem in stately pride
And shed thy sweet perfume?

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My Queenly Rose! what mystic power,
What more than regal birth,
Brings thee, a perishable flower,
The homage of the earth?

The eternal thought of God thou art,
His beauty to enshrine:
The charm that binds thee to each heart
Resistless, is divine.

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THE REAL AND THE IDEAL.

CAN, oh Spirit! thine Ideal
Be obscured by mists of earth,
While this dull, exacting Real
Stifles a celestial birth?

Why thrill senses form'd for pleasure
With this agony of pain?
Why do powers without a measure
Never here their sphere attain?

Why are plans forever failing
In this selfishness of strife?
Why are hearts forever wailing,
Crush'd beneath the load of life?

Oh! must we, to Heav'n aspiring,
By earth's cares and duties bound,
Sink till, with the struggle tiring,
Grovelling we love the ground?

Spirit, trust! since all is tending
To thy work and growth above,
Where thy powers will live, ascending
In eternal truth and love.

Fix'd in Heav'n our grand Ideal,
Bright beyond the clouds of time,
Then, pursued on earth the Real,
Life, made true, becomes sublime.

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